

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

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ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

(From the German of Uhland.)

BY NENA C. THOMAS.

WITH footfall light you come, you go,
A fitting form in earthly land;
But whence, or whither, we only know,
From out God's hand into his hand.

MARJORIE'S BARBARA.

BY MARY H. MATHER.

"BROTHER MAX, who is Barbara?" asked Marjorie, looking up from her doll's house in a corner of Brother Max's room.

"Barbara?" repeated Max, vaguely, as he looked up a reference in Hamilton, "What do you mean, Marjorie? I don't know any body by that name."

"Why, yes, you do," persisted the small questioner. "You've been talking about her all this morning, and about her selling something. Who is she, please, and what does she sell? I can't quite understand."

Brother Max still looked mystified.

"I should think you'd know," continued Marjorie. "It's all in that little book," and she pointed to Jevons's Logic lying open on the study-table. "You said a lot about Barbara, only I couldn't understand. If I could read of course I wouldn't ask; I would just look it up, you know."

This last remark was accompanied by such an unconscious imitation of the manner of some of Max's friends that Max began to laugh. And his laughter was not lessened when he glanced into his Logic and saw what his small sister meant. Indeed, he laughed so long that Marjorie began to look grieved. But when he was able to speak he repeated to her the well-known, or perhaps generally ill-known, lines beginning,

"Barbara, Celarent, Darii,"

and continuing, with more reason than rhyme, to the high-sounding "Fresison" at the end.

"That's it," exclaimed Marjorie. "Who is Barbara, brother Max, and what did she do?"

"Well, Marjorie, that is Latin, and unfortunately it doesn't condescend to explain who the young lady is, and I've never seen any one who knew her."

"I wish I knew her," said Marjorie with a sigh, and she would have talked on had not brother Max said,

"You see what the clock says, Posy."

Marjorie could tell time if she could not read Jevons, so she went back to her play, and if Max had not been concentrating all of his energy upon the page of syllogism before him he might have heard his small sister say to her dearest and most battered doll:

"Lucinda, we'll go find Barbara some day. Brother Max has to go to his recitations in fifteen minutes, you know, so we can't bother him now. She must be lovely, I know. Perhaps you'd like her to play with us; it's rather lonely some-

times without any little girls in this house; don't you think so, my dear?"

Bang! went "Sir William," and Max, with a kiss for Marjorie—he was never too busy for her good-bye—was off.

"Now," said Marjorie, "when Maria comes for us to go walking, Lucinda, you must look pleased, because to-day we are going to hunt for Barbara."

Maria, the care-taker, soon appeared in her well-known black hat and grey sack with her usual,

"It's time for your walk, Miss Marjorie."

She wondered a little at Marjorie's ready acquiescence, for generally the child required some persuasion. A walk with brother Max was Marjorie's delight, but with Maria it was another matter. Maria didn't tell her nice stories all about the leaves and flowers and things. Why, it was just as cunning the way that the horse-chestnut buds grow, all wrapped up in little blankets, not with borders on them, of course, like hers, but nice and warm; and then the little ferns all curled up like dormice. Lucinda liked to know about such things too; Lucinda was going to college with Marjorie some day.

"You won't have to study stupid little words there," Marjorie assured the much-enduring Lucinda, "where the letters are all just alike, but there will be big books that you just look into while you put your feet on the rounds of your chair and rumple your hair all up this way."

Marjorie looked the image of her brother under the influence of literary enthusiasm.

What had happened to the child that day Maria wondered. She never was so quiet before. She walked along sedately, peering into the yards and windows of the old-fashioned houses.

"I don't know," she said aloud at last, in a meditative tone. "I don't know whether she would be grown up or not, but she would have beautiful golden hair, just like that princess with the funny name that Max told me about the other day, the one who had the rose-garden."

"What are you talking about, Miss Marjorie?" said Maria.

"O, I'm hunting Barbara. She has beautiful hair of gold and she sells something. I think flowers, perhaps—do you think she would sell flowers, Maria?"

"Indeed, Miss Marjorie, I don't know," answered the prosaic maid.

Maria never knew, thought Marjorie. When she was as big she hoped she would know just one or two things so that she could answer little girls.

"Well, Lucinda, we didn't find her to-day, did we?" said Marjorie, as she sat in the big study chair waiting for Max to come home to dinner. "But never mind, we'll go off by ourselves and hunt some day."

Soon a clang! clang! clang! rang through the house, and a perfect hubbub arose in the halls. There were feet going up and feet coming down, and the noise was something appalling to unaccustomed ears. Even Marjorie, used to it as she was, remarked to Lucinda as she tucked her up on the old lounge,

"Those boys are very big to make so much noise; don't you think so?" and Lucinda looked an intelligent answer from her one remnant of an eye.

"Ready for dinner, Posy?" said Max, coming in, and then he took her down stairs with him to the long dining-room.

Such a place of activity it was with its twenty college students, with twenty appropriate appetites and with twenty natures overflowing with a sense of relief after the morning's recitations! Really it didn't make so much difference that one was out on translation, so long as there was oyster-pie for dinner; at least the difference was in the professor's record and not in one's appetite.

Marjorie among all these big creatures reigned as a little queen. This was the best home that her brother could give her this year; he had tried to find a smaller and quieter boarding-house in the college town, but entering late and in his junior year he had been unsuccessful. He had stayed in his own quiet little hill-home, working "like a regiment," as he said, for two years, so that he could keep little Marjorie with him away from many unknown people, and so that his expenses would be less. Money was far from plentiful, and he could get through his course only by strict economy and self-denial. At Mrs. Ray's he had found three little rooms at reasonable rates, the small study with a tiny sleeping-room opening into it on either side.

Max was only twenty-one, but he had been a man several years in the sense of independence. Two things were sure in his mind—he must take care of Marjorie, and he must have a college education. The brother and sister were all alone in the world. To be sure there was an Uncle Max somewhere off in the West, but he was the only relative of whom his namesake had ever heard, and even his existence seemed unreal.

Max sometimes feared that Marjorie would be spoiled by the life she led. He was not afraid that her dainty nature would become less fine by its contact with those of a different mold, but he did think of possible results not of the best, from the constant petting that she received from the boys. The unconscious child-nature, however, took it all as a matter of course, and seemed to receive no harm.

The boys thrived under it. Even Max did not know of the far-reaching influence of Marjorie's scepter. He would have been greatly surprised could he have known of a scene in Fred Montgomery's home one vacation morning.

Fred, the stylish, much-petted only son, lounged in front of his mother's wood fire, listening lazily to his sister's conversation.

"So you don't smoke any more, Fred?" was her half-laughing question.

"No," rather gravely, "I've given it up. You see, Ada, I've fallen in love, and she didn't like it."

"Really, O really?" exclaimed Ada, jumping up and scattering spools, scissors, and spangles in all directions. "Fred, you don't mean it! Who is she? Is she pretty?"

"Well," answered Fred, as he collected the elements of Ada's fancy work for her. "I don't know what you would think of her beauty. I've her picture here. But you must not tell, Ada, to any of your dear five hundred friends. Promise!"

"O any thing, only let me see your picture. Why, Fred, it's a little girl," she went on as she looked into the great, trustful eyes of Marjorie, and saw the little head with its waving hair.

"Well," said Fred, "I didn't say how old she was," and he slipped the picture back into his pocket and went off humming, "My love is young and fair."

Ada went back to her work, wondering over this last freak of Fred's. But it was not a freak, it was a lasting resolution. Whenever Fred was tempted to break it, he remembered a certain day when he had asked Marjorie to kiss him and she had answered politely but steadfastly, "No, I thank you. I don't kiss boys who smoke. Brother Max doesn't smoke." It was the first time that Fred ever had been refused any thing, and he remembered it.

Neither did Max know of a twilight talk that Greydon had with his mother.

"I always meant to stop, you know, and I never smoked very much, but somehow I kept on until Masters came with

his little sister. And then, do you know, she wouldn't have a thing to do with any fellow who smoked. She said she didn't like it."

Greydon's eyes turned to the portrait over the mantel; he could see just the outlines in the gathering dusk.

"She made me think of Kitty, mother," and the boy's voice grew low and reverent, "and when she said, as she always did, 'Brother Max doesn't smoke,' it just made me want to say that Kitty's brother didn't either, and I haven't touched a cigarette this term."

Was it any wonder that from the heart of Greydon's mother there went out a thankful thought to little Marjorie?

Marjorie's days were full ones. There was her reading-lesson every morning for half an hour, all the time that Max had to give to her. There was Bob, the canary, to feed. There was the little study to dust. Marjorie always took great pride in taking care of Max's possessions. She knew all of his books by sight, and patted them lovingly as she put them in their places, thinking of them as friends for whom Max cared. Above all else did Marjorie love her big, kind brother, who was always patient with her.

In the afternoons when he had no recitations to call him away, Max would take Marjorie for a walk in the town, for a row on the river, or for a stroll on the campus, and all the professors grew to know by sight this broad-shouldered, honest-looking fellow, and the little shadow by his side.

Then for Marjorie there was always Lucinda for company, and she was a dear, although not so very handsome—at least every body didn't think she was—but Marjorie thought her lovely. Her only fault was her inability to answer questions, and Marjorie had so many questions that needed answers. Marjorie often longed for a little girl to play with, but, alas! little girls were not many in that old town, and just the right little girl was never found. But had not Max promised her a whole houseful of girls some day? She could wait.

After all, the evenings were the happiest times in Marjorie's life. After tea there would be either a grand old play-time in the parlor with Max and some of her favorites, or else they would go up to the little study for a quiet, good time. Such wonderful stories as were sometimes told to her. The one she liked best was about the peerless princess, Chriemhilde, who had the beautiful rose-garden.

"All full of roses, you know," Marjorie would say in telling it afterward to the attentive Lucinda. "Just full of them, and so beautiful that there had to be twelve soldiers to guard them so the people couldn't get in, because there was nothing round the garden but a golden thread. Only I would have given away so many roses that the people wouldn't have wanted to steal any. Well, perhaps the brother of the princess didn't want her to give them away for some good reason, and so she couldn't, of course; let's play it was that way," continued the small maiden, unwilling to have shaken her faith in the perfect character of her favorite princess.

"And brother Max says," she went on, "that it's just so now. The twelve warriors are the twelve hours of the day and the golden thread is time—made out of the sun, I suppose," supplemented Marjorie; "and if we want to get any thing we have to work for it and conquer all those hours, and so get into our garden. He says books are his roses, and he can get at the beauty of them only by making the twelve hours his own. Isn't that funny? I wonder what my garden is."

Marjorie tried to look unconscious of her reading-book, which was reposing under a big Greek lexicon in the corner. It had been put there because it was such a stupid old thing, and mixed up *his* and *has* until it made her head ache.

"Now, Lucinda, I'll tell you the story about the little moon going round our dear earth, that Mr. Smith told me," and thus the patient Lucinda was still further edified.

But the story time was not the very best part of the evening after all. The very happiest time was when Marjorie was tucked up in her little bed with the door into Max's study open, so that she could just see the light on her picture of St. Cecilia that hung opposite her bed. Then Max always took

out his violin and played her to sleep. He had done this ever since she could remember, and it was a part of her life. In Max's heart his love of music was next to his love for Marjorie.

The very house at Marjorie's bed-time grew still and seemed to listen to the well-known sound; and many a face grew earnest as it bent over a pile of books, and in many a heart was a tender feeling that meant, "God bless her!"

To these lads Marjorie was like a very bit of home, and many a homesick one had found his life there more endurable because of her presence. She had a funny little way of asking Max to bring up to the study a boy whose face she had seen and liked, and then she would say to him when he went away,

"We sing hymns every Sunday evening after tea. Will you please come next Sunday and sing, too?" and the boy came, whether he could sing a note or not.

Marjorie's question about Barbara was but one of her many funny ones, and Max after telling it to some of his friends forgot all about it.

Not so Marjorie, for in her walks thereafter she was constantly on the lookout for the beautiful unknown. She took the first opportunity that Maria's absence afforded, and explored by herself, but without success. Yet she comforted herself always with the thought, "Some day I shall find her surely."

So the days went by, and at last March came with its winds. One clear morning Marjorie tied her bright little hood over her ears, put on her thickest coat, wrapped Lucinda's best blue shawl about her, and, eluding Maria's vigilance, started out for a walk.

"Now, Lucinda, we will find out where the wind comes from. It played such a funny little tune on my shutter last night, and it said, 'Come and see, come and see,' just as plain as any thing, and so we're going—hold on, Lucinda," a swift gust of wind almost lifted Marjorie from her feet and carried her round the corner. "Well," she gasped, "this must be the way to go; it's very nice to know, but the wind needn't be in such a hurry. I'm glad that Maria didn't come; it would have made her toothache worse."

Marjorie pushed the little curls out of her eyes, grasped Lucinda the more closely, and went on. The street led her by an old-fashioned white house, and just as she came to the gate she looked up to see—who was it? Not Chriemhilde, surely, but a lady as lovely as the peerless princess herself. Her hands were full of flowers—not roses, but little white crocuses—and her hair—it was gold itself to Marjorie's eyes, as the sun shone upon it.

The strange lady had been watching the little maiden for some moments; in fact, there had been time for a few pencil lines, a hurried sketch of the little figure in a small note-book, and then, noticing the child's rapt gaze, she stooped to put some of the spring bloom into the little mittened hands.

"Have some of my flowers, dear. You see I have so many," she said, and then turned and was gone—up the path and into the house—before Marjorie could ask,

"O is your name Barbara?"

A big board stood in the yard with some letters on it, and Marjorie spelled them over to herself; but alas! her learning was not sufficient to tell her their meaning.

A small truant urchin who had been flying a kite was now endeavoring to disentangle that beloved object from a tall tree near by, and was moralizing, it is to be hoped, upon the evil tendencies of truancy.

"Boy!" called Marjorie, "will you please tell me what this board says?"

"Ho!" said the young masculine, "that's easy enough. 'Sell or rent,' of course."

"Sell or rent, sell or rent. Why it must be Barbara's home. I've found Barbara," exclaimed Marjorie, joyfully, and fast her feet began to fly homeward that Max might know.

Poor Max! it took him some time to understand Marjorie's enthusiastic description.

"I know it's Barbara, brother Max. I couldn't ask her I

was so surprised; but she gave me these flowers, and you'll go with me, wont you, to tell her we're so glad we've found her out of that little book, because it said 'Sell or rent' on that board just as plain."

Max had to laugh, but at last he said:

"Well, Marjorie, I'll go with you to-morrow. I can't go this afternoon, because there is extra work to be done, but in the morning we'll hunt up this wonderful princess."

But the next day it rained, and the next, and then Marjorie had a sore throat and couldn't go out for a week, and when she did go the board was gone, the house was shut up, and Barbara was not to be found.

Marjorie was so nearly heart-broken that Max made inquiries, and found that the white house had been occupied by an old lady who had sold it only a few days before. While she had been getting ready to leave the place, a young lady had been staying with her, and the two had gone away together.

Max explained this to Marjorie, and then he became so busy that he forgot all about it. But Marjorie did not forget. Almost every evening when she looked at her St. Cecilia she thought, "That is the way the Barbara lady looked," and she went off to sleep to the soft sound of the violin, to dream of a rose-garden where lived the peerless princess.

Max worked on, and Marjorie played on, until the long-looked-for commencement day came. Wasn't Marjorie happy that morning as she sat in a seat of honor in her best white dress! How proud she was of brother Max and of his wisdom!

The summer that came after that eventful June was all too short for Marjorie. In the fall Max had the opportunity of acting as tutor for a time, and so their life at Mrs. Ray's went on as before. But two years later, when Marjorie was a slender little maiden of ten, they went away to a neighboring city where Max had a school to manage.

Those were happy days. Marjorie went to a school where there were lots of little girls to play with, and on Saturdays she had Max all to herself. There was always some special pleasure planned; now it was a concert; now a picture-gallery; sometimes only a walk to the park; but whatever it was the two enjoyed it together.

One warm May afternoon they went to a picture-gallery where Max wanted to see an exhibition of paintings by a new artist. They were gazing away, enjoying every moment, when Marjorie suddenly exclaimed,

"Max, brother Max, look! It's Barbara; don't you see? And there I am, too."

It was even so. The tall lady at the gate; the little figure with its upturned face; even Lucinda, the doll—all were there.

"O Max, do find out who did it," pleaded Marjorie.

Max, stepping up to an attendant, asked as a special favor the name of the unknown artist.

"Well," replied the man, "we don't often tell. Miss McAllister doesn't like it. There, you know now, and I might as well tell you that that is a picture of herself," and he pointed to the picture at which Max had been looking. In one corner he saw the initials B. M., and he wondered to himself if it could be Marjorie's Barbara. The face was strangely like that of St. Cecilia.

Marjorie was so excited that she could hardly sleep that night, and she insisted upon haunting that gallery so long as it was open.

It was on the very last day that, just as they were going, they heard a clear voice say:

"You may send that picture to my home; the others are to be sent elsewhere, but I cannot part with that one."

Quick as a flash Marjorie turned, and exclaimed to the speaker:

"Isn't your name Barbara? I didn't have time to ask you before."

"Why, yes," said the lady, wonderingly; and then she exclaimed, "My dear little unknown model!"

Max at once began to explain, Marjorie's face emphasizing every word. They were all laughing at the end, only Barbara's eyes were grave and tender too.

"It's like a fairy tale," said Marjorie, "and you're the Princess Chriemhilde! But how did you remember me, to put me in a picture?"

Then the artist told of her facility in remembering faces, especially such an earnest one as Marjorie's was that day.

"And I have a little sketch of you," she said. "You didn't know that I took it, did you? You must come to see me, and then I will show you the beginning of the picture."

So they parted with the promise that Marjorie should accept the invitation of the princess; and she went, not once but so many times that Max thought it really would be better if the peerless princess came into their home to live, and Marjorie almost cried for joy at the thought.

But all this happened many years ago, and the other day Professor Max had a letter from Marjorie away off in her eastern college. He smiled a little as he saw the monogram and Greek motto at the top of the paper, but his smile grew tender as he read:

"What do you think, Max? We had 'Barbara, Celarent' to learn for to-day's logic, and Professor Quentin called upon me to repeat it first. You may be sure, though, that I knew it. How could I help it? The girls thought it strange that I should like what they thought a bore, but I almost hugged Jevons as I thought of you and of the dear sister Barbara so many miles away. Long live the memory of the man who invented those lines!"

And Max added in thought, "Long live the child-faith that is not allowed to be disappointed!"

"JUST TO FORGIVE."

Not a hard master did I deem my Lord,
But just, since he had pledged his royal word,
And written in the changeless rolls on high,
"The soul that sinneth, it shall surely die."

So when, in dreams, I heard the solemn call
Summon my spirit to the judgment-hall,
Trembling, I cried: "In this my utmost need
Still with his justice let his mercy plead."

Lo, to the door, with greeting hands, there came
One with a welcome, in my Lord's dear name.
Grasping her garment's hem, I poured my plea:
"O, tender mercy! Let me come with thee!"

"Justice must smite;" but, with a radiant look,
She showed the pages of the judgment-book;
"I am his justice; hast thou never heard
Just to forgive is written in his word?"

—Emily Huntington Miller.

SHOOTING BIRDS IN ST. THOMAS AND ST. JOHN.

BY FRED. A. OBER.

Few places have been more heartily cursed by man and by nature than St. Thomas, that little island of the Lesser Antilles owned by the Danes.

It is so small that it would be completely ignored were it not for its position—lying conveniently as it does between the greater and lesser islands of the West Indies—and its magnificent harbor. Almost land-locked is this glorious harbor, with convenient access to the town of Charlotte Amalie, with its 12,000 or so of inhabitants. For St. Thomas, the sour old celibate that he is, holds in his lap a lovely Danish

settlement that has survived hurricane and earthquake, only to nestle more closely in his rocky arms.

The hurricane center for the last two centuries or so seems to have been this town, or city, of Charlotte Amalie, capital and sole settlement of St. Thomas. This fact will account sufficiently for the generally discouraged air about the place, for the lack of fine buildings and abundance of ruined ones.

The total population of the island is not more than 1,500 over that of its capital, a fact accounted for by the general sterility of the island, the lack of streams, of trees, and fertile soil.

Yet there are numerous plantations about the island, giving evidence by their large buildings of ambitious attempts at farming; though they are now, for the most part, grass-grown, and the buildings in ruins.

The history of St. Thomas in brief is: Discovered by Columbus in 1493; settled by the Danes in 1771; in whose hands it has remained, with occasional interruptions, ever since.

The emancipation of the slaves in 1848 was the first step toward rendering the island a sterile wilderness, and explains its condition better than the frequent visitation of earthquake, yellow fever, and hurricane.

As an *entrepôt* for the varied products of San Domingo, Porto Rico, and the Lesser Antilles, it has been made a port-of-call for all the great steam lines between South America, Cuba, and even Mexico, with smaller steamers connecting with most all the islands in the Caribbean Sea.

Charlotte Amalia is built on and among three hills, swinging around amphitheater-like, so as to half inclose the beautiful harbor.

The prettiest effects are produced by its houses on the hills, with their white walls and red-tiled roofs.

The last great cataclysm (in 1867) which overwhelmed St. Thomas was an earthquake and hurricane combined, during the occurrence of which a wave thirty feet high overswept the harbor and buildings at the feet of hills. From this visitation the town may never recover, its best houses having been wrecked, and the remaining shanties now exist as patched-up apologies for dwellings and store-houses.

Its market is mean and ill-supplied, although the fruitful islands of Porto Rico and Santa Cruz lie on either side of it. In its stores are the products (particularly the bottled ones) of every clime, the fruit of wrecked cargoes cast upon these shores and islands adjacent. And speaking of islands adjacent reminds me of a trip I took the second week in March to St. Johns, and the undescribed, almost unknown, portion of St. Thomas lying in that direction.

The whole Virgin group of islands seems to be situated upon the same great submarine bank—rarely over 20 to 30 fathoms under water—extending eastward from Porto Rico. Its principal islands are St. Thomas, St. John, Tortola, Virgin Gorda, and Anegada, and this group is separated from others by channels of great depth; that between them and Santa Cruz, for instance, being over 1,000 feet deep.

The inhabitants of St. Thomas comprise nearly every nationality under the sun, and speak a greater variety of dialects than those of the same area in any part of the world. The most reliable of them as servants are the old negroes, who have survived successive catastrophes and cling in poverty to the homes of their former masters. Belonging to this class was Pappy John, an ancient darkey whom I employed to point out the best places in the island for hunting.

Strange to say, the fauna of the Virgin group, and especially its air fauna—its bird life—has not been exhaustively studied. There is much material even yet awaiting the naturalist; though its botany has been well studied by Baron Eggers (a resident commander of St. Thomas) as well as its land and marine shells.

Having pretty well investigated the shores and thickets to be reached by short excursions from the town, I then engaged Pappy John to lead me into the wilder regions. He

came for me at three o'clock of a March morning, but my boy, Joe, delayed making my hot tea so that it was "gun-fire," or five o'clock, before we left the house.

The town lay quiet in the moonlight, but some of the people were astir as we threaded the streets, and it was very cool and delightful, with a delicious odor of earth, as we reached the country.

Passing a ruined estate and decaying Moravian mission, we reached the crest of a hill, from which we got our last view of St. Thomas and first of Tortola and St. Johns.

By the side of a dry brook-bed stood a *gri-gri* tree, its bark punctured full of holes in circles, which were made, Pappy John said, by a woodpecker which is now missing from St. Thomas, having been blown away in the great hurricane of '67. It was speckled, he said, like a Guinea-bird, with a yellow crest. At that same time a certain species of humming-bird, once abundant here, was blown over to the neighboring islands.

This is an explanation of the distribution of bird life which may not have occurred to the naturalists.

At seven o'clock we reach the house of a colored man above Smith's Bay, where we get a cup of coffee, but cannot procure the privilege of a bed for that night.

Flying wild above the acacia woods of this part of the island are beautiful birds foreign to this fauna, and which were introduced to the island years ago from the Spanish main. They are black and gold, like our Baltimore oriole, but larger and brighter in color.

By diligent search and with my far-reaching breech-loader shot-gun I secure several specimens, which are destined for the shelves of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. Some paroquets tantalize me by flying over just out of shot, but I am mollified by the securing of another prize, a black-neck stilt, which was bobbing its head above the sea-weed on the shore. The troopials, the birds in black and orange, whistled merrily in the bushes, but were so shy that I secured only the first specimens of the morning.

As the day wore away, we found a shelter in the house of a colored woman, who was sick with some mysterious disease, caused by her eating some fruit which another woman sent her, saying it was a present from her lover. Since that time she had been in broken health; no medicine had helped her, though she had spent hundreds of dollars. All her property, her farm and thirty cows, went to pay the doctor's bills, and lastly the hurricane blew down her house and left her with the miserable shanty in which I found her. She had not even a fork, and but one broken knife, but these were placed at our disposal, and her only son was sent back to town for more canned provisions.

From an old Negro here I got an Indian relic, in the shape of a Carib ax of stone, which he called a "thunder-bolt." He declared that a string tied about that stone would not burn if exposed to the hottest fire.

"Me t'inks," he said, "ef you hab thunder-bolt in you' house, dah tundah nebah smite yo'."

In the heat of the day, while I skin my birds and write up my notes, Pappy John and his friends jabber together in a barbarous *patois* composed of Guinea Negro dialect, Dutch, English, and Danish. This *patois*, it is said, originated with the Moravians, and is based on German; but whatever its origin, and although the Negroes speak it fluently, it is entirely unintelligible to strangers.

The ground about for miles is covered with the acacia shrub ("cassoo"), a species of mimosa, with thorn-covered limbs and finely cut leaves. It is a terrible thing to hunt through, especially to the bare-footed natives, but its seeds and seed-pods are very beneficial to cattle—about the only food, in fact, they have in the dry season.

The history of the introduction of this plant is a curious one. It was brought from Senegal by cattle carrying the seeds in their stomachs, and wherever they go the acacia follows after them.

In some islands, as in Antigua, hundreds of acres have

been rendered nearly worthless by this shrub, which spreads with great rapidity over the pasture lands.

Another low tree, beneficial to man and smaller animals, and growing wild here, is the sour-sop. The agoutis—those curious, hare-like creatures native to these islands—are to be found whenever the sour-sop ripens, and the wood-rats, thrushes, grives, and troopials feed eagerly on the fruit. The troopials show a preference, however, for the flowers of the gigantic cactus, called here the "pope's head."

This March day was extremely hot, the sun blazing away as though desirous of scorching poor old St. Thomas to a cinder; so Pappy John and I sat in the shade of the widow's hut while he told me stories. A romance was the first I listened to, as follows:

"Sah, a man run 'way from dis place, an' he gone forty-fibe yeah, an' he come back! What he run 'way foh? Well, sah, 'cause him put a boy obah some empty lard-cans, sah, an' set fiah to 'em, sah. Him hab to runned away.

"Well, sah, aftah forty-fibe yeah, him come back an' look out for his old sweet-heart, sah. It night when he come; he knock at de do' an' ax ef Miss Sarah lib dah. She say, 'Who you is? I do' know no man.' He say, 'I want see Miss Sarah.' She say, 'O, my Philip!' an' he say, 'O, my Sarah!' an' den dey embrace one nudder.

"Dey was giben out nex' Sabbath day, sah. She say she want little son; but her Philip goin' down de hill, for dey is bof seventy yeah old, sah."

Pappy John told me many things I had not yet learned respecting the "obeah men" and their infernal works. Not long before, a black man was detected picking fruit in the garden of a Moravian minister, and punished. Within a week the minister and his wife died—poisoned. The poisoner died some three weeks later, confessing all, and saying he had made way with himself because the minister's ghost haunted him too much.

A deadly poison of the obeah man is the root of the "pigeon-pea" steeped in water, and also the root of the oleander. If you wash a glass and then rub it with the fresh leaves of the guava bush, a person drinking from it will be drunk for days.

The Negro obeah men are wonderful in their cures as well as in their poisonings, curing even crazy people sometimes. When the cholera raged so fiercely here in 1853, whole families perished. Some fled to adjacent islands, and died as the boats touched the sands. As a last resort they burned tar-barrels in the streets, and the black doctors administered decoctions of a bush called "Santa Maria."

Beguiled by the tales of Pappy John, the afternoon passed away and night came. When we retired the woman gave me the only bed she had, while she and her two sons slept on the floor on a mattress; and for Pappy John they brought in a door and laid it across two chairs. For a time I slept, but soon awoke, suffering torments from the fleas that drove me nearly wild. They had attacked Pappy John also, and he was rolling uneasily over the breadth of the door. As he raked his horny hand along his wrinkled skin, the fleas would leave him by hundreds and skip over to me; and as I in turn routed them, they skipped back gleefully to torment Pappy John.

A rat ran across my feet, and I thrust them into my trousers to protect them, thus receiving a fresh accession, which crawled up my legs stealthily, and then all fell to at a given signal. Pappy John was soon driven to vacate his bed and board, and we went outside and sat on the door-step, while the slow hours dragged by.

In the cool of the morning we went out again to hunt over a little-used path through the woods to a dry pond, the air all the way perfumed by the odors from the yellow acacia blossoms, pungent and penetrating, and our clothes, caught by their thorns, equally penetrating, though in a sharper sense.

A few paroquets flew out of distant trees, but none were obtained, as they were then breeding in the woods of far-off

hills. At the dry laguna, however, I shot a new water-bird, a queer gallinule, which rewarded me for my pains. This was on the shores of Smith's Bay, than which no more desolate or barren place could be imagined; every thing was dry and parched, with no water to be found, except some in pond-holes wretchedly brackish; and no fruit, save a single sour-sop or so.

Buried in the dry and thorny scrub were the ruins of a large building, probably a sugar-mill of great antiquity, according to Pappy John, who said "dey was made befo' I had bahn, sah."

Returning to Nazareth Bay, whence I had hoped to take passage across the channel to St. John, I learned that a boat, sent for me from the latter island, had returned home after cruising about a while. The only thing to be done then was to find another boat. This was finally done, an old boat being discovered drawn up on the beach with a conch shell near it.

Blowing the shell heartily, Pappy John finally brings down the owner, a burly black man, with sinister countenance, and a companion with oily skin and an immense, but good-natured, mouth. While they were calking the gaping seams of the old boat, I hunted up and shot two troopials, which were feeding among the flowers of an immense agave, glorious in its giant flower-stalk with thousands of yellow blossoms.

The boat was then shoved off, ballasted with large rocks, the sail mended a little—for it was torn into tatters that morning in a gale—and the rudder shipped. The sail much resembled the wigwam of a Sioux warrior, with pictures all over it, or a tattered page from a school geography. Our sailors took us up and dumped us into the boat, and then started off.

The wind blew almost half a gale and was "ahead," and consequently our tacks were short and frequent. The current was running out, the wind was blowing in, so the sea was choppy. Water poured over us at every tack, and poured through every seam, so the man at the helm (so-called by courtesy) was constantly bailing. Ruined walls (as we opened out the bay) suggested a house, and Pappy John said that the wilderness around the bay was once covered with sugar-cane, and there was a large and hospitable mansion where now are only crumbling stones.

In the center of the bay we passed over the spot where an immense treasure was found years and years ago. In this very place, Nazareth Bay, the owner of the plantation discovered an iron chest filled with Spanish gold. It was found by sweeping the bay with a seine for fish; the seine caught on something, and when divers went down to clear it they found the iron chest.

The finder very foolishly gave it over to the government, and the only reward he ever got was some official thanks. It is said that he was created "K.D.," or Knight of Dannebrog. In the West Indies these initials, "K.D.," stand for "King's Donkey," in such contempt do the islanders hold the petty kingdom of Denmark and the titles of nobility which it confers.

The heirs of the treasure-finder, two lone and old women, are now living in poverty, land-poor, and surely regret the loss of the buccaneer's treasure so foolishly thrown away.

At six o'clock that afternoon we were in mid-channel, with Cruz Bay, of the island of St. John, close aboard, but dead to windward.

As darkness came around us, breakers were seen ahead and astern, and our tacks were short and doubtful. A squall broke over us, deluging us with rain, while the wind came down with fury from the hills.

It was a gloomy time for me, but I sat in silence, clinging to the rail and to my gun, resolved that the latter should not sink unless I did.

At last we escaped somewhat from the force of the wind, and neared the beach at the end of a deep bay, where I landed at a broken jetty. A black boy met me in the darkness and said,

"Mr. Mac is at the judge's, sah," and then conducted me to the only house at the port.

The "judge" is a Dane, typical of the species, short, fat, old, with a long-stemmed, big-bellied pipe.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, as Mr. MacDonald introduced me. "What you say his name, eh? Kom in! Ugh! Ugh! You vill trink somedings, eh? Vat it is, eh! Tanish prandy, peer—vat you vill, eh? Vat! You not trinks? So?"

Since ten that morning I had not eaten or drunk any thing, and it was eight in the evening. The sea had exhausted and nauseated me, and my head whirled about in the calm as opposed to the storm without. As I stood blinking in the transition from light to darkness, I heard gladly the judge's invitation:

"Dake a seat! Dake a seat! Ho! you gal, pring somedings for dis shentlemens to eat; pring putter, pring pread, pring peer, und sossigh."

The girl quickly brought out some beer and Mr. Mac drew the cork, when, presto! it spouted half-way to the ceiling, falling to the floor.

"Ah! you don't know tat peer, eh?" chuckled the judge, as he stood placidly by, with his big pipe in one hand and a ready glass in the other. "You don't knows tat peer at all. I vill show you. Now, ven I opens te peer, I shust bulls te gork un leedle pit, und ten un leedle pit more, till it don't spout, eh? Und ten I glaps te glass ofer it und don't spills a trop, eh? I vill show you how it is. Here! pring some more pottles, my tear. Now, you see, eh? I bulls 'em e-a-s-y. Ah, vat peer! Vat sthrong peer, eh? Zat is Tanish peer!" as this bottle, like the last spouted out and was nearly all spilled on the floor. "Vell, Mr. Mr.—vat you say hees name? Ah! Mr. Oppper, *skjold!* Tat is Tanish for goot helt. Now eat somedings, und ten dry some Tanish prandy. No? Vell, *skjold!*"

And while I ate he *skjolded* until—

"Vell, coot night, coot night. I vill see you somedimes soon akain."

Then Mr. Mac and I rode up the hills in the darkness, my friend riding his honor's horse, who well kept up the prestige of his name—"He call Kick-up, sah!"—for he kicked up all the way up.

NO.*

A Serial Story.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

CHAPTER X.

"WHAT a fool you were, Jack!" said Lewis Denning, as he caught up with the boy on his way home that evening.

"Why was I a fool?" answered Jack.

"You'll find out, I guess, when you come to try for another place. It isn't the best recommend to be turned out of a clerk's place inside your first year at it."

"But what did I do to be turned out? Lew, you know that woman paid the money just as well as I do."

"Well, I've got sense enough not to say so. If old Gilbert said it wasn't paid why should I set up to know more than he does?"

"But it wasn't true; she *did* pay!"

"Look here, my young gaby; let me give you a piece of advice. Don't you see every thing nor hear every thing that goes on in other folks's business; it don't pay. There's tricks in every trade; and old Gil has got his full share of 'em. Business can't be done on a Sunday-school square; it's cheat or be cheated, I tell you."

"Do you mean to say the way to do business is to take advantage of every body?"

"You bet it is, or they'll take advantage of you; and then where are you?"

"I don't believe it," said Jack, hotly.

"I don't care whether you do or don't, you little green-horn! You'll get your eye-teeth cut before you're a sight older, and then you'll see for yourself!" and Lewis turned off into the street where he lived.

Jack hurried home to pour out his troubles to his mother. Happy boy! His mother was his friend; as much respected and trusted as beloved. She had never called him a "bother" or a "nuisance," whatever boyishness of his had interfered with her comfort or tried her patience. She had been so just, so reasonable, so tender, that he never feared to tell her what he had done, no matter how wrong it was; for she did not ever reprove him in anger. Years afterward he said to a dear friend that his mother's treatment of him always reminded him of what Isaiah said about God's love to his Church:

"In all their affliction he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them; in his love and in his pity he redeemed them; and he bare them and carried them all the days of old."

But he did not know in his boyhood that his mother was simply following after her Master, and trying to do for Jack as he had done for her, in her human measure. Christian mothers, are you all shaping your lives after this great Example? Do you act as well as sing—

"Be thou my pattern, let me bear
More of thy gracious image here?"

No doubt Manice was troubled and disappointed, but not by Jack's conduct.

"You did quite right, my boy," she said, when she had heard all his story. "It is a man's business to help the poor, particularly women; and I want you to have 'the stature of a perfect man.' As to Lewis Denning's ideas of business, I do not doubt that many people do as he says; but that does not make it right. There are some upright Christian men who are as honest in business as in other things; but if you will notice it, you will discover that where a man cheats his customers in any way or shape, borrows money that he cannot repay and gives no security for it, is unjust to women and the poor, or cruel and bitter in his family, that man is not a Christian, though he may be professedly a member of the visible Church. Therefore you see that true religion is the only thing to be trusted; and where a man is without it, in speech or in practice, avoid him just as far as you can. And Jack, strive yourself to enter in at the strait gate; no other way is safe here, or blessed hereafter."

Jack turned his face away; he was not ready yet to acknowledge his need of a Saviour. Looking at the faults of other people made him conceited; he thought himself so much better than Mr. Gilbert and Lew Denning that he did not consider how different his education had been; how patiently and carefully he had been trained.

While all this was going on, Will Boyd had his own troubles in the bank. The cashier, who was extremely civil, smiling, and bland to depositors, to people who wanted to buy stocks of him, or invest in the western bonds in which he dealt, was irritable and very domineering to those below him in office, and especially to the "boy," whoever he was, who gave him any reason or no reason to be so. Many a good scolding and many a tweak of the ear were bestowed on Will, who was both careless and lazy; but his education and his habits had not fitted him for work. He hated to sweep, he did not half-dust the counters, the pigeon-holes, the tables, and the chairs, and Mr. Gladwin could not endure a speck of dust about him. Many a time, too, Will forgot to shake down the furnace before he filled it up at night, and consequently the fire would go out and the rooms be very cold in the morning. He liked to get away into a corner and read a dime novel, and more than one was snatched out of his hand, torn to bits, and flung into the waste-basket by the angry man who the next moment would be rubbing his hands, smiling, and bowing, and addressing some outsider in a low, meek, suave voice, that conveyed the idea of such shy modesty and amiable humility that every body in Danvers—except the

bank clerks—considered Mr. Gladwin the best and friendliest man possible.

All this made Will very uncomfortable. A strong, kindly, Christian man might have impressed his facile nature somewhat, but he had neither respect nor affection for Mr. Gladwin, and having within himself no sense of duty or principle of uprightness, he gradually came to feel that the cashier was his personal enemy, and that he must "get the better of him," as he phrased it, in every possible way; waging with him a constant and lawful war, not in pitched battles, but guerrilla skirmishing and underhand sapping and mining. He liked to set a wet umbrella just where it would drip into Mr. Gladwin's overshoes; to go by the hat-rack with the broom on his shoulder and "accidentally" knock down Mr. Gladwin's stove-pipe hat, which set the last seal of respectability on that gentleman's aspect. He let the ink on the cashier's desk dry up when all the rest were refilled daily. He forgot to moisten the sponge used in counting bills. In short, he became an adept in small annoyance, and but for his father would have been dismissed even sooner and more curtly than Jack had been. But at the time of Mr. Boyd's failure he owed two or three hundred dollars to Mr. Gladwin, who had taken his note for it, and when, owing to the disastrous failure of a New York house with which he was connected, Mr. Boyd suddenly failed too, Mr. Gladwin could think of no better way to secure his money than to give Mr. Boyd a position in the bank, and take his debt out of his salary. Just at that juncture the teller of the bank was promoted to a cashier's place in another town, and so Mr. Boyd was provided for; and to put him under an obligation that would make him a fixture there, Mr. Gladwin also took in his son.

Mr. Boyd had more to break down and sadden him than the loss of his money. His little daughter had been seized with diphtheria shortly after his failure, and as she had never been taught to obey, or to do any thing that was unpleasant to her, she resisted with struggles and shrieks all the applications or remedies that were the only possible hope for her life. No one could control her, no one quiet her. She died in agony, and her parents, in their rebellious grief, asked God why he had done this thing, and taken from them the light of their eyes and the desire of their hearts.

It never occurred to them that they had done it themselves, as hundreds of others had before them.

Mrs. Boyd, always fragile of constitution, quite gave way under this shock. She only moved from her bed to her sofa in the narrow rooms of the small house they now occupied, and wore her life away in fretful lamentation.

So Will had no home, in the highest sense of the word, and with the eager craving of youth for excitement and enjoyment, he sought them every-where there was hope of finding them, whether in smoking cheap cigars, hanging about saloon billiard-tables, frequenting every circus or minstrel show that came along, or playing cards with other like-minded boys in any place where they could find shelter.

It was greatly in his way that he had but a pittance of wages; constant spending of a little here and there soon brought his resources to an end, and then he did not know what to do.

But there came to him what he called "a bright idea," which was to "borrow" money from the cash-drawer, and repay it when his wages were paid, the last day of every month.

This scheme worked well at first, as most evil schemes do. He was not found out at once, and so became bolder and bolder. At last, when he was sent one day to carry a package of small bills to a customer who had sent in a check by him, he coolly abstracted a ten-dollar bill, and folding it carefully, slipped it into his vest pocket, intending to hide it more carefully when he went back to the bank.

He had set his heart on going in to Dartford to see a great circus that was to exhibit there the next day and evening. A special train was to go in and return, so that he need not leave his duties to go. But he had no money.

Will was an inexperienced thief. It did not occur to him

that Mr. Gilbert, who had sent the check in a careless way—very unusual for him—would pursue just the course he did. Indeed, the fact that he had trusted Will with the money at all was the result of Jack's honesty. He thought the Boyds were all alike. But he was a man to make sure, and as Will laid down the envelope with the bills in it, and was turning to go, he roared out,

"Stop, young feller! I never take money without counting it, not from nobody."

Will wanted to run, but like a flash it came to him that escape would be confession, so he leaned against the desk and whistled, rather tremulously, to be sure, but no one observed that.

"Ten dollars short!" and Mr. Gilbert glared at Will over his spectacles. "How comes this about, eh?"

"I s'pose they made a mistake, sir. I'll go back and ask," the boy answered, thinking he could go back and return with the bill, and so save himself.

But it is not easy to go back from a path of sin. It takes years of bitter repentance and eager striving even to amend consequences; nothing can cleanse and recover the straying soul but the all-powerful love of Him who died to redeem even the worst of sinners; and so far Will had no sense of guilt, only a dread of its penalties.

"No you wont!" growled Mr. Gilbert, "I'll go with ye. If they're so careless as that at the bank, it's time it was looked into; and I'm a director. And if you've lost it you'd better be lost too. We don't want no such boys 'round as that."

So Mr. Gilbert marched Master Will, frightened enough, back to the bank.

"I counted that money myself, sir!" said Mr. Gladwin, indignantly.

"I guess I lost it out then," suggested Will.

But his voice shook and his face was pale. He looked at his father as if for help, and Mr. Gilbert caught the glance. So did the cashier, and stepping quietly round the counter, he seized Will by the collar.

"Come in here!" he said, sternly, opening the door of the directors' parlor. Mr. Gilbert went in after them.

Will struggled and kicked in vain. Pocket after pocket was turned out, and at last Mr. Gladwin's long, slim fingers drew out of the vest pocket that ten-dollar note that was to have given Will so much pleasure.

"I thought so!" snapped Mr. Gilbert, nodding his big head sagaciously at the cashier. "That Dartford circus will be the ruin of more boys than one. But this fellow will circus it in jail."

Will gave a shriek of terror and fell on his knees. The door opened, and with a ghastly face and dilated eyes his father came in.

[To be continued.]

THE ANCIENT WELLS.

WE wonder not that ancient wells
Were sacred in the olden time,
That cooling draught from vales and dells
Told out their voice, for strength sublime,
That pebbly streams their courses took
Where waiting lips the waters pressed,
And travelers with the staff and crook
Stooped down beside those wells to rest!

There is a fever in the blood
That calleth for the gentle rain,
Or for some deep baptismal flood,
To make the spirit young again!
And it is ours to know at last
What beauty can in waters dwell!
How blest are they whose eyes are cast
On some ancestral Jacob's well!

—Charles W. Butler.

THE OAK AND THE REED.

BY W. C. WILKINSON.

[The following translation of one of the most admired of La Fontaine's fables is from the forthcoming volume by Professor Wilkinson, entitled "Classic French Course in English." We subjoin the French text that such of our readers as have given attention to the language may see for themselves with what degree of closeness the translator has followed his original.]

The Oak one day said to the Reed,
"Justly might you dame Nature blame:
A wren's weight would bow down your frame;
The lightest wind that chance may make
Dimple the surface of the lake
Your head bends low indeed,
The while, like Caucasus, my front
To meet the branding sun is wont,
Nay, more, to take the tempest's brunt.
A blast you feel, I feel a breeze.
Had you been born beneath my roof,
Wide-spread, of leafage weather-proof,
Less had you known your life to tease;
I should have sheltered you from storm.
But oftenest you rear your form
On the moist limits of the realm of wind.
Nature, methinks, against you sore has sinned."
"Your pity," answers him the Reed,
"Bespeaks you kind; but spare your pain;
I more than you may winds disdain.
I bend, and break not. You, indeed,
Against their dreadful strokes till now
Have stood, nor tamed your back to bow:
But wait we for the end."

Scarce had he spoke,
When fiercely from the far horizon broke
The wildest of the children, fullest fraught
With terror, that till then the North had brought.
The tree holds good; the reed it bends.
The wind redoubled might expends,
And so well works that from his bed
Him it uproots who nigh to heaven his head
Held, and whose feet reached to the kingdom of the dead.

Le chêne un jour dit au roseau:
Vous avez bien sujet d'accuser la nature;
Un roitelet pour vous est un pesant fardeau:
Le moindre vent qui d'aventure
Fait rider la face de l'eau
Vous oblige à baisser la tête;
Cependant que mon front, au Caucase pareil,
Non content d'arrêter les rayons du soleil,
Brave l'effort de la tempête.
Tout vous est aquilon, tout me semble zephyr.
Encore si vous naissiez à l'abri du feuillage
Dont je couvre le voisinage,
Vous n'auriez pas tant à souffrir;
Je vous défendrais de l'orage:
Mais vous naissez le plus souvent
Sur les humides bords des royaumes du vent.
La nature envers vous me semble bien injuste.
Votre compassion, lui répondit l'arbuste,
Part d'un bon naturel: mais quittez ce souci:
Les vents me sout moins qu'à vous redoutables;
Je plie, et ne romps pas. Vous avez jusqu'ici
Contre leurs coups éponvantables
Résisté sans courber le dos;
Mais attendons la fin. Comme il disoit ces mots,
Du bout de l'horizon accourt avec furie
Le plus terrible des enfants
Que le nord eût portés jusque-là dans ses flancs.
L'arbre tient bon; le roseau plie.
Le vent redouble ses efforts,
Et fait si bien qu'il déracine
Celui de qui la tête au ciel étroit voisine,
Et dont les pieds touchoient à l'empire des morts.

BOOKS IN MILWAUKEE.

THE librarian of the Milwaukee public library publishes in the "Sentinel" certain remarkable requests from his patrons. Probably the small boy who took the worn book did so because it bore evidences of being readable:

A girl asked me a few moments ago for a household "Angel in Disguise," meaning, I found, "An Angel Unawares." Soon afterward, a small boy wanted "An Insane Lunatic" (a very excusable error in this case), and a sallow-faced, heavy-voiced woman asked for Bulwer's

"Last Days of Bombay." A young woman wishes for "Thrown on Clay," meaning, we find, "Thrown on the World," by Bertha Clay.

A boy came shuffling in and asked for one of the "Wonder" series. He looked a long time at the several volumes suggested as good, but could not decide which to take. Finally he saw one on the shelf, the title of which had been torn off from the back, and he said with fervent delight, "O, I'll take that one!" And he would have no other. Why?

I was asked a few moments ago who the Fillibusters were. After finding various references for the lady, at no small sacrifice of time and patience, I learned that she had asked about the Fillibusters because her cousin had "just married a man named Fillibuster," and she had "heard that he belonged to a very distinguished family!"

HE ARGUED HIS CASE.

MR. MCROBERTS, a hard-headed Scot, who is now a prominent editor in England, served his time as a reporter on the San Francisco "Post." He was always ready for an argument, and for coolness he never found his equal. On an early morning walk he was accosted by a robber, pistol in hand:

"Throw up yer hands!" said the highwayman.

"Why?" asked Mr. McRoberts, undisturbed.

"Throw them up."

"But what for?"

"Put up yer hands," insisted the footpad, shaking the pistol. "Will you do what I tell you?"

"That depends," said Mr. McRoberts. "If ye can show me any reason why I should put up ma hands I'll no say but what I weel; but yer mere requaist wad be no justification fur me to do sae absurd a thing. Noo, why should you, a complete stranger, ask me at this 'oor o' the mornin', on a public street, tae put up ma hands?"

"Confound you!" cried the robber; "if you don't quit gabblin' and obey orders, I'll blow the top of your head off!"

"What! Faith, man, ye must be oot o' yer heed. Come, noo, puir buddy," said Mr. McRoberts, soothingly, coolly catching the pistol and wrestling it with a quick twist out of the man's hand; "come, noo, and I'll show ye where they'll tak care o' ye. Hech! Dinna ye try ta fecht, or I'll shoot ye. By the way, ye might as weel put up yer ain hands, and, jist walk ahead o' me. That's it. Trudge awa noo."

And so Mr. McRoberts marched his man to the city prison and handed him over to Captain Douglass.

"It wouldna be a bad idea tae pit him in a straight-jacket," he said, serenely, to the officer. "There's little doot but the buddy's daft."

And he resumed his interrupted homeward walk.

SHE STUCK TO IT.

WHEN one of our American girls makes up her mind something happens, as the two exquisite young gentlemen of the following incident will now admit. The "Boston Record" says:

A young girl living in Middlesex County, Mass., decided last summer to try the Harvard examinations in the autumn, with a view to entering the regular course of study in the annex. She betook herself, therefore, with a trunk full of books, to a secluded home in the country and settled herself for ten weeks hard work reviewing her high-school studies and conquering Greek quite by herself to pass for college.

Two young gentlemen presently appeared on the scene, determined also upon secluded preparatory study. When they learned that the pretty girl with the Titian hair was "digging" for Harvard, too, they tried to laugh her out of her ambition.

One of them told her it was really a sin and against nature for a seventeen-year-old girl to try to read Greek alone or to take a Harvard course. The other youth declared that it didn't matter, she'd never "get through the exams, any way," and both tried to persuade her to take rides and boating excursions.

But still she worked faithfully and studied her Greek until the examination came. Then she went to Cambridge and passed her examination triumphantly, while the young men failed dismally and had to study another year before getting into college.

A LITTLE WOMAN.

CAMBRIDGE people are justly proud of a brave little towns-woman of theirs whose Fourth of July this year was a memorable day. The "New York Herald" tells how the little heroine earned her reputation:

Three months ago Mrs. Edward Barry, wife of a day laborer on the Fitchburg Railroad, died from hard work and exposure, leaving five children to the care of her kind-hearted though rather dissipated husband. The eldest child, Nellie, ten years of age, has acted as house-keeper since the death of her mother, and has managed to clothe the backs and supply the mouths of her four younger brothers from the \$1 so a day wages of their father. Last night it was very hot in their cottage, and Nellie, after putting the little folks to bed and singing and fanning them to sleep, put her father's supper on the back of the stove and sat down to wait for his return. He was late. The little clock on the mantel ticked off the hours and brought nine o'clock, but no father. Then Nellie remembered that he had been drinking since the Fourth and went out to seek him. Failing to find him she returned, tired and

worried with her heavy cares. She went to the little heated chamber to look at her sleeping brothers, and then resumed her place in the chair, determined to stay awake until her father came, but the heat, combined with her hard work, was too much for the child, and she was soon sleeping with her head upon her arm.

An hour later she was awakened by the sound of falling timbers, and springing to her feet she saw the whole end of the house on fire, while clouds of smoke filled every room. What she did first she cannot tell. All she knows is that when the first neighbor arrived he met her coming out of the burning house with the last of her little brothers in her arms. The other three were lying on the grass in front of the house in their night-clothes. Her eldest brother, Jimmy, says she came up stairs and, taking them one by one, carried them out in safety. Her face is burned and her hair is scorched, but otherwise she is unhurt. The three smaller ones—aged 2, 4, and 6 years—were not awakened until the arrival of their tipsy father, who reached home with the fire company. The premises caught in an adjoining barn, probably from an engine spark, and spread to the house. The little heroine and her brothers were taken to the house of an aunt in the Dublin district, and to-day she has been receiving so many congratulations that her little head is nearly turned. Several wealthy people who have heard of her deed have made arrangements to give her an education, thinking so brave a girl should have an opportunity to elevate herself.

NOT A 'COON.

WHETHER the following relation emanated from the vivid imagination of the Detroit humorist, or whether it is strictly true, it is in either case valuable to point the moral "Be sure you're right, and then go ahead." This coon-hunter was over-confident:

A negro, with an ax in his hands, stood beside the highway skirting a Mississippi swamp, and as we came up he said:

"Gem'len, he runned right up dat ar' gum-tree."

"What did?"

"A 'coon, sah. If you has got pistols mebbe you kin fotch him down fur me. De family am powerful hard up fur meat jist now."

We dismounted and took a survey. An animal of some sort could be dimly made out hugging a limb high up. We popped away, but without doing any damage, and, as it moved along a limb, the colonel observed:

"That may be a 'coon, but I don't believe it. I'd sooner think it was a 'possum."

"Hu! but if dat aint a 'coon you kin call dis chile crazy!" replied the man.

We rode away, leaving him to chop the tree down. It was about three hours before we returned, and then we found him seated on the fallen trunk. Beginning at the top of his head and extending to his ankle-bones were bloody scratches. His garments were rent and tattered, his hands were covered with blood, and he was trying to bind some leaves on a bad wound on his left arm.

"For the land's sake, but did the tree fall on you?" exclaimed the colonel.

"No, sah; I war fell on by de anamile."

"What was it—a 'coon or a 'possum?"

"Neither one, sah; it happened to be a wild-cat!"

A STEAM-BOAT TRIP.

OLD hunters say that the tiger which has tasted human flesh will henceforth take no other; and it is equally true that he who has once traveled free on rail or river ever afterward seeks to ride on his "pass." The Boston "Record" tells of such an individual, once a reporter and long a "dead-head":

One exceedingly hot day, having made up his mind that the proper thing to do was to take a salt-water excursion, this man of cheek strolled along the wharves of Boston in order to pick out the likeliest excursion steamer he could find. He selected one at last, went on board, hunted up a chair, took a seat in a shady place, put his feet on the rail, and began to read a newspaper. In about fifteen minutes a sailor-looking man opened a door, looked at him about a minute, and disappeared. In about ten minutes more the sailor-looking man came back and addressed the newspaper man.

"What are you doing here?" said he.

"O!" exclaimed the newspaper man, "only going to take a little trip with you." And he whipped out his card and presented it. "Member of the press, you know—give you a good notice in the paper next week."

The sailor-looking man said not a word, and went back into the bowels of the vessel.

Fifteen minutes more and the steamer hadn't started. The newspaper man began to get a little weary. He waited a little while longer, and went inside and hunted up the sailor-looking man, who was apparently engaged in polishing the ship's cable.

"Say!" said the newspaper man, "how long before this boat starts?"

"Well," said the sailor-looking man, as he went on with his polishing, "I think she'll sail about a week from next Wednesday. She's laid up for repairs."

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

Price, \$1.25 a year for single subscription. Special rates to clubs of ten or more.

[Entered at the New York Post-office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.]

NAT NORRIS does not want to be a skeptic. His father and mother are firm Bible believers, belonging to the Church. They have brought up their boy to read the Scriptures, to attend public worship in sanctuary and Sunday-school, and to kneel reverently morning and evening in family and in private prayer. Nat is a true boy; honest, frank, manly, and affectionate. He loves his parents, is studious in school, and is respected by all his classmates. It is unfortunate that with all these good qualities Nat should be somewhat of a doubter. It is a relieving fact that Nat himself feels that it is unfortunate. He regrets it, and for this reason we take a deep interest in him, and are anxious to say something that may help him out of his doubts.

NAT came honestly by his doubts. A public-school teacher began to sow the seed which gave the boy and his friends the harvest of skepticism. How much harm a teacher may do! And how ineffably contemptible is the man who will use his place and power to shake the confidence of a child in the word of his father, the prayers of his mother, the teachings of the Holy Scriptures, and the simple faith with which he has folded his hands from early infancy in reverent worship! Nat had one teacher who was a good scholar, a graduate of C— College, and a young man of magnetic power. He had a prodigious memory. What he once heard or read he retained. He had rare gifts of expression. These gifts, by no means the highest a man can have, were held together in a personality of colossal egotism. The very tones of his voice betrayed an overweening vanity. He had no sensitiveness, no conscientiousness, no opening of soul to the divine; and warped by prejudice and blinded by ignorance of Christian ideas he dared to poison the cup that parental love had placed to the lips of a precious son. The frequent slurs of the high-school professor upon the Bible and the faith of Christians had their unfavorable influence on Nat, and although at first the boy was shocked he soon came under its spell, and in spite of himself doubted every thing. He dared not tell the sad story to his mother. He still conformed to the outward offices of religion, but his heart was chilled and a dreadful fear filled his young heart. Poor Nat! Base teacher!

ONE of the boldest strokes of the teacher was given one day when a difficult problem in mathematics puzzled the class. His lip curling with scorn, he said, "Perhaps you would all better pray over it." His well-known enmity to the Bible, the Church, and prayer gave additional significance to his suggestion, and Nat, irritated by his inability to master the mathematical difficulty, was angered by the hint, but, strange to say, not against the teacher. The absurdity of seeking help in prayer under such circumstances became per-

fectly clear to Nat, and his morbid feelings were enlisted at once in a positive way against the faith his parents held, and he laughed out with a bitter laugh that showed teacher and class where the sympathies of the boy lay. The other scholars wondered, and the teacher smiled a bland, approving, self-congratulatory smile. He had sown tares, and he had also caused a terrible blight to fall on at least one sensitive and innocent and susceptible soul. It is one thing to doubt under the influence of new views and of partial views, the heart of the doubter all the while desiring truth above every thing else. It is quite another thing and a terrible thing to doubt because of a desire to do away with the force of great fundamental principles; to doubt with a skepticism born of hatred and malice; to doubt because of one's own self-importance and egotism. The former is doubt that leads to light. The latter is cursed in its very beginning by selfishness, and ends in darkness. Wise men who know the vastness of the world of truth, and who love both truth and humanity, never cavil, and are never scornful in their treatment of honest faith. They do not oppose the faith especially of innocent youth by any such foul and contemptible processes. A man who will with scornful insinuation assail the religious confidence of a child is deserving of severest condemnation, and has no right to serve as teacher anywhere.

ARTHUR WELLINGTON was Nat's closest friend, an attendant at the same church, and a member of the same class in the high school. He was surprised at the sympathetic laugh with which Nat received the slur of his teacher concerning prayer over the mathematical problem. As for himself, he was thoroughly indignant at the teacher's impertinence and sophistry, and gave him to understand as much by the dark frown which hung over the pair of fine, penetrating eyes, flashing with fire, with which he looked into the bold face of the foul skeptic. The teacher gave back a slightly knitted brow in response to the young hero's frown, but let his cowardly eyes drop before the gaze of his indignant pupil. After school Arthur found Nat, and the two boys took a long walk together. "It was a wise remark about prayer that our omniscient teacher made to-day," began Arthur; "but it did not surprise me half as much as did your indorsement of it." "My indorsement?" queried Nat. "Did I indorse it?" "Yes, with a laugh and a look that said 'amen,'" replied his friend. "Perhaps I did, for I frankly confess that of late I have had many doubts about religion. I was vexed over my failure, was somewhat excited, had no self-control, and the teacher's remark took me at a moment when I felt like approving the doubt he expressed in his sarcastic thrust." "This grieved me, and the teacher's remark enraged me," answered Arthur. "He had no business to refer to the matter of prayer at all, and knowing that most of us are professing Christians, or at least attendants upon some Christian church, it was inexcusable impertinence, and I expressed my views in a frown that he well understood. I brought his eyes to the ground. It is easy to do it, for he is a coward." Nat said nothing by way of defending the teacher or in condemnation of Arthur's severity, but replied in a general confession of trouble concerning the Church and the Bible. He was full of doubt, did not know what to do, did not want to pretend to be what he was not, had difficulty with the whole question of prayer and of special providence, and did wish he could find light. "Take this question of prayer over mathematical

problems," said Nat. "Some people would have given seriously the advice about praying that the teacher gave in his sarcastic way. And how foolish it is!" "And there is a point on which we differ," answered Arthur, "for frankly I, although not much of a Christian, can and do defend the habit of praying over one's lessons." This remark astonished Nat. We have not time now to hear Arthur's wise and vigorous support of his position, but hope to present it next week together with some other sensible replies of his to some other skeptical "objections" which had found place in Nat's heart and head.

OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

LESSON for August 15, 1886. JESUS TEACHING HUMILITY.—John 13. 1-17.
GOLDEN TEXT.—John 13. 17.

PREFATORY. On the way down from the glory of heaven to the grief of Gethsemane and Calvary, and to the gloom of the grave, we see the Son of man bending before his disciples as a lowly servant, doing a servant's work, teaching a divine lesson—a lesson needed as much to-day as then. Let us learn it and heed it.

INTERROGATORY. What was the feast of the passover? What "hour" had come? Who are meant by "his own?" What is here reported of the devil and his work? Recite verse 3. Describe the scene of the feet-washing. Give the conversation between Simon Peter and Jesus. Why did Peter object to the service Jesus rendered? What lesson did Jesus intend to teach his disciples by this washing of feet? In what ways may we in this age carry out this command and follow this example of Jesus?

HOMILY. Not all men have the same work to do, nor do all men have the same gifts. Horses must be shod and dishes must be washed. Laws must be enacted and executed, and sermons must be preached. It does not require as much ability to shoe a horse as to frame a law; nor as much knowledge to wash dishes as to preach sermons. Therefore, people who do the less important work do not command as much pay as those who do the larger and more difficult work. Therefore, also, people who have less power and get less pay have less opportunity. They do not stand as "high" in the community. Their sphere is not as broad or imposing or agreeable. In this way class distinctions spring up. We have "higher" and "lower" classes, and the latter in a sense serve the former, live more simply and humbly, and are in danger of losing both ambition and self-respect. They are in danger of being imposed on and abused. The "better" class grows in riches and power and pride, and the "baser" class grows weaker as the years pass. Thus slavery comes in, and social oppression in one form or another, until the cry of the poor is lifted to the God of the rich and the poor.

Jesus came to earth from heaven. Rich there in all riches of power and glory, he became poor here that he might reach and comfort and help the poor. He went all the way down to the very bottom of the social scale, had not where to lay his head, lived with the lowly, and was despised and rejected of men. He went down to lift others up. And he left his people in the world to represent him, to be to the poor what he was, and to help the poor as he did. He taught his people that souls are worth more than crowns and kingdoms and riches, that labor is not necessarily a curse or a degradation, that if he, the King of heaven, could wash the feet of his disciples, we might love and help and serve each other. He who is too proud to pity and minister to the poor and suffering has no part with the Son of man. The different classes of society ought to help each other.

Notice the wonderful thought that was in the mind of Christ when he washed the feet of his disciples. "Jesus knowing that the Father had given all things into his hands, and that he was come from God and went to God" could well afford to do lowly service. Labor is no degradation to a royal soul who is a child of God and who is to live together. A queen can do humble work and not be lowered by it. The work is exalted by the glory of the one who does it. So all "day laborers" and "servants" and all people of the "working-classes" may have dignity put into their lowliest service by becoming children of God in Jesus Christ. The Father hath given all things into their hands. They came from God. They go to God. Therefore all work is honorable and dignified and becoming. Here is the true way to exalt labor and to unite labor and capital. Let both be surrendered to God.

PRAYER. O Thou who lovest Thine Own even unto the end, make us Thine own in motive and spirit and life. And help us to love Thee and to serve our fellow-men in all lowliness of mind, doing unto them as Thou hast done unto us, and thus showing to the world that we are Thine. Amen.

PUBLIC opinion is a weak tyrant compared with our own private opinion: what a man thinks of himself, that it is which determines, or rather indicates, his fate.—*Thoreau.*

GOOD PREACHING.

No wonder young people dislike churches where they are disregarded in the services. Johnny's commendation of the minister is only natural, and with the "Episcopal Recorder" we hope that the preachers will "put something in" for the boys and girls of the congregation:

"O, wasn't that a good minister we had to-day?" said Johnny.

"Yes, very good. Which sermon did you like best?" said the teacher.

"O, I don't know. It wasn't the sermons altogether that I mean."

"What then?"

"Why, he prayed for Sunday-schools and boys so good; I never heard any one pray so much for boys. Most of them do not. That is why I like him."

"Do you like to be prayed for?"

"Why, yes, of course I do."

"The minister prayed to-day that all boys might be Christ's boys. Did you like that?"

"Yes, I prayed as hard as I could that I might be. When we hear people praying for us, it makes us think it is about time to be praying for ourselves. If children don't like to say much about good things, I guess they all like to have the minister remember them. I always watch and see if they pray for young folks; if they don't, I think they won't have much in the sermon either. Then, of course, I don't listen as well as I should if I thought there was something for me."

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

PROF. WILLIAM C. WILKINSON kindly consents to the publication of his version of one of La Fontaine's fables. It is given in this number of OUR YOUTH—English and French together for the benefit of our young students.

A BRIGHT young fellow comes regularly to our office and asks to look through the waste paper for old envelopes. He is "collecting post-marks," he says. It is a craze, perhaps, but our young friend has made it the means of fixing in his mind some valuable geographical facts. Post-marks are not as interesting as stamps and coins, but they are of almost infinite variety and cost nothing.

If you have a collection make the most of it. We know a household where the modest stamp-album has its place on the center-table. Jack and Mary own it, but father, mother, and all take an interest in it. The children will entertain you for hours with that wonder-book. It is a portrait gallery, containing the steel-engraved miniatures of kings, queens, and presidents; it has pictures of Central American volcanoes, Egyptian pyramids, and New Brunswick fishing vessels. There are stamps from countries that your wise old head never heard of, and Jack turns to the map and proudly shows you whence came the varieties of his collections.

MAKE hay while the sun shines. There is a rainy day coming for some of you. You will be back in school in a few weeks, and when your turn comes "to speak a piece" you will complain that you don't know where to find one, and haven't time to learn it anyway. Hunt one up now and learn it. Never speak trash, and if you learn a good piece now, of verse or prose, it will stick in your memory long after your appearance on the school platform. You can profit doubly by declamation if you thus stow away a passage of good literature in your mind while learning to speak with grace and force.

THE Northfield Summer School is an inspiring sight. Mr. Moody has surrounded himself for a few weeks with three hundred college students who are intent for the time not on languages and science, but on the study of God's word. The famous evangelist and his fellow-workers are instructing these young men in the best methods of using their lives for Christ.

ONE of the most powerful agents against Home Rule is the unspoken but deep-seated dread of placing the government of Ireland in the hands of the Pope of Rome. Some one has said that there is "too much religion" in the unhappy island; the fact is, there is too much blind servility to priests and prelates.

I WRITE these few prefatory words on my father's birthday, in what was once my nursery in his old house—to which he brought my mother and me sixty-two years since, I being then four years old. What would otherwise in the following pages have been little more than an old man's recreation in gathering visionary flowers in fields of youth has taken, as I wrote, the nobler aspect of a dutiful offering at the grave of parents who trained my childhood to all the good it could attain, and whose memory makes declining life cheerful in the hope of being soon again with them.—*John Ruskin in his "Autobiography."*

IT is a matter to be thankful for, and in a good sense proud of, if a man can say that, as to the popular forms of out-breaking vice, he never knew any thing about them; that he never entered a place of debauchery; that he does not know the taste of intoxicating liquors. Happy is the man who can humbly declare to a friend such blessed ignorance, such wise ignorance, as that.—*John A. Broadus.*

THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

We continue the sketches of the members of the Holy Club published recently in England:

JOHN GAMBOLD was the son of a pious clergyman, and was born in 1711, at Puncteston, Pembrokeshire, South Wales. At the age of fifteen he entered Christ Church, Oxford, as a servitor. Ordained in September, 1733, he was speedily instituted to the living of Stanton Harcourt. For four years he gave himself up to philosophical studies and mysticism. Through Peter Böhler he was led into the full liberty of the Gospel, and was enabled to rejoice in his Saviour. In 1742 he joined the United Brethren, leading among them an uneventful life, preaching chiefly at Fetter Lane, with considerable ability and spiritual power. In 1754 he was made a Bishop; and, for seventeen years, "with humility and diffidence," he performed the duties of his sacred office. When the Master called he was prepared to go, and at the age of sixty he fell asleep. His natural abilities and his acquired knowledge fitted him for a far more extensive field of usefulness than the one he occupied; yet he rendered great service to that Moravian Church in which the best days of his life were spent.

JAMES HERVEY was borne at Hardingsstone, just outside the town of Northampton. His father was a clergyman, holding the livings of Collingtree and Weston Favel, which livings were in the gift of the Hervey family. He was weakly in constitution, of feeble voice, and much given to study. When seventeen years of age he went to Oxford, entering Lincoln College, where, not only in spiritual concerns, but also in his studies, he received very great assistance from Lincoln's most celebrated fellow. Ordained by Bishop Potter, he became curate to Charles Kinchin, one of the Oxford Methodists, who was settled at Dummer, near Basingstoke; but suffering from ill-health, he went to Stoke Abbey, in Devonshire, preaching only occasionally, as his strength permitted. From thence he went to Bideford, where for two years he diligently and most usefully discharged his duties as curate. In 1743 he returned to Weston Favel, to assist his father, on whose death he succeeded to the living. There in quiet he spent the rest of his days, his state of health not allowing him to take part in the great reformation work which was going on throughout England. From his seclusion he set forth several works which commanded a wonderful circulation, more especially when their subject-matter is taken into account, and also the age in which they were written. The most important of these were, "Meditations Among the Tombs," "Reflections on a Flower Garden," and "Theron and Aspasio." He ostensibly wrote for the rich and educated, declaring that he did not purpose reaching the masses; and he succeeded. His style has been greatly censured, and no doubt it is stilted, cumbrous, and ungainly; nevertheless, when we remember the tastes of the time, we must admit that often he is very felicitous in expression, poetic in treatment, and beautiful in illustration. Worn out, he breathed his spirit into his Creator's hands in the year 1758, at the age of forty-four.

OF the other members, THOMAS BROUGHTON became secretary of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. He was found dead on his knees in his closet, arrayed in canonical attire, preparatory to conducting, as he had intended, divine service; but, translated to a higher clime, that Sabbath was to him the commencement of the exalted worship which is paid to the King on the throne in the sinless world. CHARLES KINCHIN was a fellow of Corpus Christi, and afterward dean; whilst RICHARD HUTCHINS became rector of Lincoln College. JOHN CLAYTON lived for many years in Manchester, where as a clergyman he exercised very considerable influence. JOHN WHITELAMB married Mary Wesley, and became rector of Wroote; but the premature death of his wife turned the current of his life and made of him a recluse, causing him to lose all sympathy in special or enthusiastic work. Over WESTLEY HALL we would gladly draw the veil. Adopting Antinomian views, he ran headlong into the wildest excesses, terribly apostatizing. He died in 1776, Wesley writing: "I trust in peace; for God had given him deep repentance! Such another monument of divine mercy, considering how low he had fallen, and from what height of holiness, I have not seen, no, not for seventy years."

It is not a difficult task to indicate exercises for sessions of the local Oxford Leagues. It is not an easy task to secure a lively interest in all of them among all of the youth of Methodism. Our young people need to be more spiritually minded and to be willing to work in the Church in religious ways. The reaction from revival states too often leaves even young converts in a low spiritual condition, and it is our hope that the Oxford League may keep alive the energies developed in times of special religious awakenings. Our young Church members need to exercise the gifts of prayer, and experience, and exhortation; to talk together more about work for Christ; to consult more about the Church, and what it can and ought to accomplish; to study the Word of God more, with an eye to stronger and more positive religious life, and to study the history, usages, and doctrines of their own Church. Now a stirring, inventive, energetic pastor can set his League at work and supervise their programmes, incorporating from time to time such of the above-named features as he may deem most desirable or important.

ORDER copies of the several Oxford League Services and use them. This will give new interest to our League and call the attention of the Church to its provision.

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

POLITICAL ECONOMY—CO-OPERATION IN DISTRIBUTION.

We have considered the subject of co-operation in production, and found that it does not contain the essential elements of success. The objections to which this is liable, however, do not hold with regard to co-operation in distribution. We can give a better idea of just what co-operation in distribution is by a concrete example from the experience of our instructive friends, the Benlys.

THE new railroad brought a great many people to the vicinity of the Benly farm, and in the course of three years a settlement had sprung up near the station, and many new farms were under cultivation in the neighborhood. As a matter of course, several stores were started in the new village, and to these the farmers of the neighborhood looked for their home supplies. There was a considerable dissatisfaction among the people of the community with the quality of goods which these stores furnished, and with the prices which they charged. Some people were mean enough to insinuate that the sugar was sanded, and that the coffee had more than its share of beans. However this may be, it is certain that the enterprising store-keepers of the new town were bent on making all they could.

It occurred to Mr. Benly and to some of his neighbors that they might as well save a little by purchasing flour, sugar, etc., at wholesale, and then by some plan distribute the required quantities among their own families. After consultation they decided on the following plan:

Ten farmers agreed to enter the association, and to found a co-operative store. Each advanced a certain amount of capital, and with this provisions were bought at wholesale in Chicago, and shipped to the town. A small store was opened, and there the goods were put on sale. A clerk was hired to sell the provisions, and to keep the simple accounts of the establishment. At the end of each quarter the proceeds of the business were computed, and after an allowance was made toward carrying on the business in the future, the rest of the money was divided among the members of the co-operative society in proportion to the amount each had purchased. This plan was put into active operation, and succeeded so well that in a short time other articles besides the mere necessities, sugar, flour, coffee, etc., were added. As a result, in a year the co-operative store was selling almost any thing that any other establishment in the town offered, and several new members had joined the society. The position of clerk was not a particularly responsible one. A committee of the society decided upon what goods it was wise to purchase, and the clerk did merely the correspondence, and then attended to the ordinary details of selling. He in no sense conducted the business, but was merely the agent for the society, and as such received a stated salary.

LET us see in what the two different kinds of co-operation differ. The weakness of co-operation in production was that necessarily one man must do all the planning, and really manage the business as though it was his own, without having any return which the ordinary capitalist expects from his ventures. The position of clerk in a co-operative store is by no means so responsible, unless the business assumes very large proportions, because the members of a co-operative society are able to administer the affairs of their society without neglecting their own business. On a small scale the plan of co-operation in distribution has almost always been a pronounced success. The failure of the ladies' co-operative store in New York was due largely to the fact that it was run like one great establishment and was controlled too much by one person. Although there was nothing dishonest in the administration, it was not successful.

The members of a co-operative society secure two results: They pay, to be sure, regular market prices for whatever they buy at their own store, but they are sure of having the unadulterated article, and so the first gain is in the purity of the goods provided. Then again, the money made by the establishment, after due reductions, is distributed among the stock-holders, who really get back some of their money.

Among the poorer classes of London this co-operative system has been of immense value. It is really a sort of savings-bank institution as well as store. Because people are compelled to pay full amount for what they buy, and they do not get their money back until the end of the quarter; so that at the end of three months a man goes to the store and draws out his profits which he has in reality deposited during that time. This co-operative system was begun in a little mining town of England in a dark alley and in a wretched little hut. That society which started under such dismal auspices is now one of the largest and wealthiest firms in the world, and is doing a remarkable business among the poorer classes of England. It is this society which has with some success inaugurated co-operation in production; but, after all, it is the original plan that gives whatever success the other organization has secured. Co-operative stores are numerous in New England, and are being organized in other parts of the country.

There is a great deal that is valuable in co-operation in distribution, and if the Knights of Labor would turn some of their surplus energy to the organizing of great wholesale emporiums in the large cities and small retail departments all over the country, they might do a vast deal of good to the working-men everywhere. It is safe to say that, under ordinary circumstances, co-operation in distribution is reasonably sure to succeed.

RECREATION.

[In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.]

OUR YOUTH YACHT CLUB.

In accordance with a promise in a recent issue, we shall give a few hints as to the organization of a club of miniature yachts.

Like a bicycle club, a yacht club has two distinct parts, the regular formal organization and the practical department.

A yacht club, then, at home is under the charge of a president, but off on a cruise the president is no better than any one else, and the commodore is the Great Mogul.

First of all, then, the boys who are to form the club should meet, decide upon a constitution and by-laws, and under the provisions of the same should elect a president and vice-president and a treasurer, or, as that officer is usually styled, a purser. Then they should proceed to elect a commodore and a vice-commodore, who are in command when the club is off on a formal cruise.

The commodore's yacht is called the "flag-ship" of the fleet. All signals announcing the movements of the fleet are given from the flag-ship either by gun or by flags.

All sailing orders are dated on board the flag-ship, and are sent out to the captains of the different yachts composing the fleet. For example, suppose the admiral of one of the OUR YOUTH yacht clubs wishes to announce an afternoon sail. He should send an order something like this to every commander in the club:

OUR YOUTH YACHT CLUB.

TOWNSEND FLEET.—GENERAL ORDER NO. 3.

On board Flag-ship *Spray*,
July 24, 1886.

The fleet at anchor in Townsend Pond at four bells in the afternoon will get under way at the firing of one gun on board the Flag-ship *Spray*. By order

CHARLES S. PEET, Commodore of the Fleet.

We suppose that almost all of our readers are familiar with the method of indicating time on ship-board, but perhaps it will do no harm to give a table showing the bells corresponding to our hours. The ship's bell is struck every half-hour, day and night, by the man on duty at the wheel.

12 noon.....8 bells.	4:30 P. M.....1 bell.	} 1st Dog-watch
12:30 P. M.....1 bell.	5 ".....2 bells.	
1 ".....2 bells.	6 ".....4 " "	} 4 hours instead of 8.
2 ".....4 " "	6:30 ".....1 bell.	
3 ".....6 " "	7 ".....2 bells.	} 2d Dog-watch.
4 ".....8 " "	8 ".....4 " "	

From 8 P. M. until midnight, and from midnight to 4 A. M., 4 A. M. to 8 A. M., and 8 A. M. to noon, the watches are regular (4 hour each) as from noon to 4 P. M.

It would be good practice for young yachtsmen to practice reckoning latitude and longitude, and at some time in the near future we shall tell how to do this in *The School at Home*.

STEAM-YACHT ENGINES AND BOILERS.

SOME may be interested in building steam-yachts, and would like to know how much the machinery is likely to cost.

Good engines, capable of driving boats from 20 to 25 inches long, cost about \$175. The boilers suitable for supplying steam to these engines may be bought for \$3 each. The engine includes a shaft and a propeller, arranged in a tube to be put in place. For large steam-yachts there are upright reversible engines costing \$8 or \$10, and boilers anywhere from \$6 to \$18. A young fellow with mechanical skill could build a fine yacht, and not have it cost him very much. We have seen, however, yachts five or six feet long, fitted completely as to machinery and beautifully painted, which were valued at \$400. There is such a thing as carrying a good thing too far. We do not regard time and a reasonable amount of money spent by a boy on an engine or a boat as wasted. The work may be the means of bringing out his latent powers in a surprising way.

We repeat our invitation to our readers to write us about their success in any of the plans which OUR YOUTH has proposed for practical and profitable amusement.

HARE AND HOUNDS ON BICYCLES.

THE exciting game of Hare and Hounds is not necessarily confined to cross-country running. Of late years, with the introduction of the bicycle, there have been various games adapted to this new machine. Among these, the old game of Hare and Hounds has been, perhaps, the most popular. It is played very much as the ordinary form which we have described in this department. The scent is composed of small squares of paper carried in a *multum in parvo* bag strapped to the backbone of the bicycle, or else in a small satchel slung over the rider's shoulder.

It is usual to select two men for the hares, and to give them at least fifteen minutes' start. Of course, it is impossible for them to leave the road. It is not fair to drag machines over fences and wheel them

through fields in order to throw the hounds off the scent. The only trick that can be played with any success is the old one of doubling on the track.

This form of the game is much more exciting than the other in this respect, that sometimes of an afternoon the hares and their pursuers will cover twenty-five miles of road, and that, too, at a spanking pace if the hares are good riders. Care should be taken to have them selected for endurance and speed.

We advise our bicycle clubs to try the Hare and Hounds once in a while, and we are sure that they will enjoy the sport.

OUR GIRLS.

[Contributions appropriate for this department, descriptions of fancy work, candy making, games, etc., are solicited from our readers.]

THE KATY-DID SOCIETY.—II.

BY MARY H. MATHER.

"It is fortunate for me that the Katy-Did Society allows information other than literary," began Kitty, "for my information cannot be said to be of that order."

"It appears to be of an æsthetic nature," commented Kate, as she watched Kitty take from her work-bag a handful of Japanese napkins and some pieces of narrow ribbon of different colors.

"It is all due to Daisy Morris and her sister's paper-wedding celebration," went on the informant. "Daisy told me all about it. You see there have been so many paper-weddings in the family that they were quite tired of the usual method of celebration, so this time they tried to think of something new. Thus it was that when the guests arrived they found the porch adorned with Japanese lanterns, the hall with screens and umbrellas of the same quaint character, and the library, where the presents were displayed, resplendent in a frieze of paper made from several adjoining Japanese books. Each gentleman as he entered was presented with a little paper sun-flower for his button-hole, and each lady with a tiny fan for her hair.

"In the dining-room the table was covered with Japanese paper table-covers, and bright-colored fans were arranged around the edge.

"An interesting part of the refreshments was a huge Japanese pie adorning the center of the table. It rose apparently from a great white paper dish, and its ingredients consisted of all sorts of paper articles covered carefully by a crust of bran. When the time came for serving the pie each guest was handed a slip of paper on which was written a quotation—whose author's name he had to guess. If successful he was allowed to help himself to a slice of the pie, getting, it may be, a lamp-shade, a package of envelopes, or a note-book, for his reward. Of all the gifts Daisy said that the sachets were most liked, and, as she taught me to make them, I thought I would give the information to you. Here, you see, are the napkins of different colors. Spread one before you and put into the center of it a loose ball of cotton batting. Shake over it and through it your sachet powder, and then gather together the corners of your napkin over the cotton. Tie your ribbon around to keep the ends in place, and leave long loops and ends—and there is your sachet. Of course you can have the top of your bag as long or short as you desire by making your ball of cotton large or small."

"I have a query in mind," said Kate, as she finished tying the ribbon around her sachet. "Wouldn't these be a good substitute for Christmas cards this year? You know there are so many people whom we want to remember in some slight way because it is the happy Christmas time but to whom I for one have grown tired of sending cards. It seems to me that this idea would cause a welcome variety."

"And not any more expensive," added the practical Katherine.

"Kitty," exclaimed Katrina, looking up from the row of little sachets on the table. "This is just exactly what the girls in the Flower Mission want. Please let me give my information now, because it is so appropriate. I dropped in upon the girls at Kate Ransom's, ten of them working away as hard as possible on picture-cards for the children's hospital. Somebody had read about the idea in a story, and they were carrying out the thought. Two of them were cutting pictures from papers and old illustrated book catalogues; two of them were arranging these on old paste-board cards which they had gotten at the dry goods stores, and four more were pasting the pictures on the cards with thin flour paste.

"I asked to help, so they let me sort and it was great fun. I had to arrange the pictures, fitting little ones around the big ones, until the card was nicely covered. Then when they were pasted we bound the cards with strips of red and blue paper, and put them under heavy books to dry. In a few days they will be ready to take to the little sick children, and the hands that are too weak to hold picture-books and turn the leaves can hold these light cards or have them propped up before them as they lie in bed.

"The girls were wondering what they should do next, and somebody suggested making sachets for sick people, but no one seemed to know of an easy way. Kitty, your information will be passed on."

Just at this point the little clock on the mantel chimed six, and the Katy-Did Society adjourned with the assurance to Katherine that her turn would come next time.

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

Burmah.

(Area, 190,500 sq. miles; population, 3,000,000; ruler, Queen Victoria.)



BURMAH, the third of the main divisions of Indo-China, has been since Jan. 1, 1886, a part of British India, being governed for the present by the Governor-General of British India.

Of the area and population included within the limits which the map assigns to Burmah, less than one third are directly subject to the central government, the remainder being occupied by the Shan tribes, which are nearly or quite independent. Since 1852 Burmah has been shut out from the sea by the British provinces, but the river Irrawaddy furnished easy means of communication with the interior. This river and the Salween, farther east, are the chief streams. They rise in the snow-capped mountains on the north, and flow in parallel courses almost due south to the sea. The country is best known along the Irrawaddy; here are the chief cities—Mandalay and Bhamo.

The natural resources of Burmah are valuable, and are now for the first time likely to be developed. Iron abounds, and gold and silver and other metals are found. Petroleum is obtained by boring, and the forests are rich in woods and gums. The soil freely yields the fruits of the tropics, while rice, corn, cotton, indigo, tobacco, and sugar-cane are among the agricultural products. Cotton and silk fabrics and articles of iron-ware are the only manufactures.

At the time of the British conquest the nation was in a wretched condition. The king Theebaw was a cruel despot, and the people were taxed and oppressed to such an extent that all enterprise was stifled. The people are Mongols and speak a Chinese dialect. Most of them are Buddhists, and a large proportion of the people can read and write. The army proved itself weak, and the navy consisted of a single gun-boat.

The early history of Burmah is the story of the long struggle of the rival kingdoms of Ava and Pegu. Existing ruins indicate that the country was once more prosperous than now. The Burmese power, which reached its height early in the present century, suffered from contact with the British conquerors of India. The coast provinces fell one by one into the hands of Great Britain, as the result of the wars of 1824-26 and 1852. Burmah was excluded from the sea-coast, but was still coveted by England as an avenue to south-western China. France appeared to be working into the favor of the Burmese king, when, in 1885, England took the final step. King Theebaw's injustice was the professed cause of the invasion. In a

brief campaign the capital was carried, the king sent as a prisoner to India, and the rich kingdom was declared the property of England. The interior, however, is yet unsubdued, and much blood and treasure must be used before the prize becomes productive to its full extent.

Lord Randolph Churchill.

THE notable feature of the Conservative government is Lord Randolph Churchill, the leader of the House of Commons. The position is among the most coveted as well as the most responsible, and with Gladstone and Parnell in the opposition it will be perhaps the most difficult to fill acceptably. The Premier usually assumes this post—Disraeli and Gladstone were famous in this position—but Lord Salisbury, the new Premier, being a peer, is ineligible to the House of Commons, and the duties of the office fall to another.

Lord Randolph Churchill, a scion of the noble house of Marlborough, and a younger brother of the present duke, is but thirty-six years of age. He has been in Parliament twelve years, but it was not until 1880 that he gained prominence. He was an obscure member of the Conservative minority, but he cast aside the traditions of the House, and disregarding his party leader, Northcote, he attacked the ministry as he pleased. With three adherents—nicknamed "the Fourth Party"—he succeeded first in winning attention as the champion of democracy among the Conservatives.

His command of invective gave his speeches a flavor which won him a hearing, and he diligently sought out opportunities for exhibiting this talent. Thus he pushed forward. When his superiors—if he owned any—were timid he was bold. Every blunder of Gladstone's government he blazoned abroad, and finally when in June, 1885, the ministry was defeated, Lord Randolph Churchill was seen mounted on a chair, waving his hat, and shouting for joy. The Conservatives took office. Lord Salisbury became Premier, and the young leader of the Fourth Party had to be recognized. He was made Colonial Secretary. People laughed at the sight of this noisy and brilliant politician in a responsible office; but he performed its duties well and successfully engineered the conquest of Burmah. Last spring he went to Ulster and made inflammatory speeches against Home Rule, and in the House he impatiently followed the dull leader of his party. Feeling his importance to the Conservatives he notified Lord Salisbury that he would take no office unless he could lead the House. The Premier had no alternative; he needed every grain of support. The older leader was given another office, and the young and dashing Churchill has become the representative of the Conservatives in the British House of Commons.

The French Republic.

THE French Republic is approaching the limit of twenty years, beyond which no government has lived in France for a century. The Assembly had ruled but ten years from the "Revolution of '89," when Napoleon seized the scepter. His talents secured only a sixteen years lease of power, and in 1815 the Bourbons were restored. Fifteen years elapsed and the "July Revolution" of 1830 elevated the Citizen King Louis Philippe; but within eighteen years his popularity departed, and the "February Revolution" of 1848 made him an exile.

Louis Napoleon then became president of the revived republic, which he turned into an empire in 1851. The years had not completed a score when he was a prisoner to the Germans. The third republic rose at his fall, and has lasted through many perils until now.

Students of French politics predict a change. The present government is in trouble. The dying empire bequeathed an enormous debt to the young republic; nevertheless, the expendi-

tures have steadily grown until the indebtedness of France is fully \$5,000,000,000—thrice that of the United States. The enemies of the government point to the debt as a sign of incapacity. Industrial and socialistic troubles have sprung up and spread widely, while the policy of the administration has invited the charge of weakness. The discontented gathered about the princes and startled the government by the number of royalists elected to the Assembly of 1885. To refute the charge of weakness the government made a bold move and banished the Bonapartes and Bourbons. This may have been a blunder, for men say now, with a show of reason, that the republic dared not harbor the representatives of the kings.

One member of the government stands out from his colleagues and commands attention as the champion of the republic. It is not the Premier, who lacks boldness, nor the aged President. It is the Minister of War—Boulanger. He is a man in middle life, covered with the scars and ribbons won on many fields. Until 1870 he had been only a soldier. The republic developed other talents; as Minister of War he brought the army to an unprecedented state of perfection; as a debater he defended the government in the senate-house and on the dueling ground. He is popular with the people and the army, and some observers assert that he is ambitious for personal power. There is apparently one road to this dictatorship, and it is so dangerous that it might well deter the bravest. The aspiration of the French nation is to avenge Sedan. Could Boulanger punish Germany with the army which his care has fostered there is no honor which his grateful country would deny him; but a defeat would end his career. In any event the politics of France, both internally and in relations with foreign countries, have reached a deeply interesting stage and will require careful scrutiny.

A Brief Survey.

HUBERT O. THOMPSON, one of the best known politicians in the country, died in New York, July 27, in his thirty-seventh year. He was the leader of the "County Democracy" faction in New York city. —The French steamer *Labrador* took fire at the entrance of New York Harbor July 28, and was run aground. The fire was confined to narrow quarters and no lives were lost. —Prince Sandaru Fushimi, of Japan, has arrived in the United States. He is examining the constitutional governments of this and other countries in order to incorporate their best features in the new constitution which is to be adopted in Japan. —A sudden and severe rain-storm in western Pennsylvania, July 26, damaged property to the amount of \$350,000. —The news-boy Brodie's successful jump from the Brooklyn Bridge fired a lad named Sweeney to try the same feat. He was caught by a policeman as he went over the rail. —The national *Sängerfest* of the German musical societies at Milwaukee closed July 25.

The cholera in Italy is apparently under control. —The people of Labrador and northern Newfoundland are suffering from famine and unusual cold. Even the Esquimaux have been tormented by hunger until they have ventured to attack the whites. The Canadian government will send out a relief expedition. —The Wagner festival at Bayreuth, Bavaria, attracted multitudes. The compositions of the great musician were given in the opera-house which the late King Leopold built for his friend Wagner. —The Turkish government announces that Turks cannot renounce their citizenship. This will affect the Armenians who come to the United States for an education. If they become citizens of this country they will still be considered Turkish subjects if they ever revisit their native land. —The authorities of Amsterdam enforced the law against the "eel-killing" games, and riots followed, July 25, 26, in which twenty persons were killed and eighty wounded. —In the Spanish Chamber of Deputies a resolution was passed July 28 asking the government to free, as soon as possible, the 20,000 slaves now remaining in Cuba. —The Emperor William of Germany is at Gastein in Austria, where it is said he will meet the rulers of Russia and Austria-Hungary. A rumor of his death set Paris in an uproar July 28. —The electoral college of Chili has formally cast its vote for Senor Balmaceda for President of the republic.

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—The Southern watermelon has appeared in our midst. That is what ails our midst.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—Farmers in many portions of this State report a magnificent crop of grasshoppers already. This will compensate in some measure for the failure of the hop crop in New York.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Things One Would Rather Have Left Unsaid.—He—"Every body will be leaving town now that Parliament is dissolved."
She—"Yes. Indeed I think all the nice people have left already!"—*Punch.*

—Now comes an iconoclast and says that "there is a colored man who lives at Mount Vernon, where George is buried, and he told a lady that once there was a little slave boy named Ike, who lived in Mr. Washington's family, and what George really said was: 'I cannot tell a lie, father; Ike did it;' but that the father didn't hear straight."—*New York Evening Post.*

—"O, yes," wrote a Bostonian who believes that his own home is the coolest spot on earth in mid-summer, "it is all very well for you to ask me to come down to your famous hotel for rest and change. I tried it once; the porter got all the change and the landlord took the rest."—*Boston Journal.*

—"Mother," said a little girl, "I believe I'll be a duchess when I grow up."
"How do you expect to become a duchess, my daughter?"

"Why by marrying a Dutchman, to be sure," replied the little girl.—*Ex.*

—It is a little Boston girl who has been encouraged to believe that when she is left alone to go to sleep the angels are hovering around her and keeping her company. The other night, having been prepared for bed before she went up stairs, she turned around at the top of the stairs, beckoned eagerly down, and called out, "Come along, angels."—*Boston Record.*

—Guest (rising excitedly from the table, after tasting an olive for the first time)—"It's sorry I'd be to disturb the hilarity of the mating, but I believe some joker's been salting the guseberries."—*The Judge.*

—Smith (at the circus)—"Never too old for the circus, eh, Brown?"

Brown—"I don't care any thing about it myself; but somebody had to come with the boy."

Smith—"Is that your boy?"
Brown—"Well—er—no; my boy was taken sick at the last moment—poor little chap!—and so I brought a neighbor's. Ah, me! we were all young once, Smith."—*Ex.*

—Mrs. Nouveau—"And is that large picture some of your work?"

Pupil—"O, no, madam. That is one of the old masters."

Mrs. Nouveau (in undertone to her companion)—"I don't like to hear a young man speak so disrespectfully of his teachers."—*Ex.*

—McGilligan—"D'ye see that ould gossoon on the corner beyant?"

Gilhooley—"So Oi do. Oi know him well. He's wan o' the ould settlers."

McGilligan—"Not a bit av it. He's ould but he's no settler, fer he's owin' me tin dollars these three months."—*Chicago Rambler.*

—An old parish clerk was courteously thanking a church dignitary for kindly supplying on emergency a village pulpit. "A worse preacher would have done for us, sir," he said, "if we had only known where to find him."—*Ex.*

—Louise Michel, the French Anarchist, says she hopes to come to America after death, when her soul migrates. If she doesn't come before we shall not object. If the male Anarchist, Nihilist, and Socialist would follow Louise's example and resolve not to come to this country until after death, Americans would have a better opinion of them.—*Norristown Herald.*

—A little girl who has a habit of saving the wish-bones of all fowls consumed in the family, asked her father the other day if he expected to die. He replied that he did not expect to live forever, whereupon the little maid said: "Well, when you do die, papa, can't I have your wish-bone?"—*Ex.*

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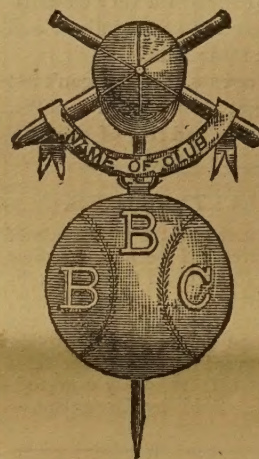
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